Johnny didn't HATE DOCTORS....

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Deane was high-fiving clients outside the pharmacy. He'd learned it, from the blacks.

He looked like Leisure Suit Larry, running for Mayor. Of Thing Street....

His notion of casual dress was pure 40s. He wasn't young, but he looked young. That's what delusional living did for you. He thought young!

His shorts were made for F. Scott Fitzgerald, though some stains looked fresh. He wore his polo shirt open, exposing the gray hair sprouting on his breast-bone. Like a bush!

Johnny wanted to FUCK him. He was his type. Crazy, and sort of butch looking, like the old-fashioned keepers whose photos decoratd Thing Street's cinder-block corridors.

So he humored him. He solicited him where he waited, outside the pharmacy. Want to diagnose me, right on Thing Street? Sort of a free sample.

He said he could diagnose anyone, but not without knowing them.

Well, Johnny said, let's go for a walk and get acquainted.

Maybe, he said, looking nervously over his shoulder, if my manager isn't watching.

He knew he didn't have one. He didn't even have a job. So they strolled to the McDonald's, at the end of the Thing Street.

Johnny thought he was going to interview him, but found himself asking all the questions. He said he was at once spendthrift and needy, so his wife kept him on an allowance. He confessed he was still wanted by the police, for stealing credit cards. He also had a touch of OCD. He liked to arrange the stolen credit cards in little piles on his desk, according to color and the size of the debt he'd run up. He asked him if he knew where he could get any good dope.

Johnny didn't believe that guff about marriage. He figured he was just saying that, because he was a fag. But he was astonished by how much everything else exactly fitted his description of the perfect man: the needy white male, with Affliction issues and a touch of OCD. No needy white male was without!

He said he had to continue, through the park. It was his turn to make supper. Johnny suspected it always was, or (more likely) there wasn't any supper, just a park bench and whatever he could scrounge.

He thought he should say something, so he told him. I'm a stupid fag, he said. He didn't say, for being attracted to guys like you.

He seemed to wince at the term, and held his hand against his forehead to see him better against the sun. He saw him perfectly then. All the wear and tear of years of standing outside that pharmacy, in all kinds of weather, rain or shine, seemed to slough away and he looked thirty. Even the hair on his breast bone changed color. It was black and bushy again. He really was his type. A fag, but not stupid.

My brother is homosexual, he said.

By then they were on to each other. They knew. Just as he didn't have a wife, or supper, or even a home for that matter, he didn't have that kind of brother. Johnny had a supper to look forward to, and a home. He was needy and spendthrift, and obsessive. For him! He was the brother, or maybe they were. Brothers!

Nobody said anything. He went into the park to lie down, and Johnny went home. To